## Eminem, Lucky You (Feat. Joyner Lucas)

I done did a lot of things in my day I admitted it I don't take back what I say if I said it then I meant it

on my life I want a Grammy but I prolyl never get it I ain't never had no trophy or no mothafucking ribbon

fuck the system
I'm that nigga
bend the law
cut the rules
I'm about to risk it all

oi ain;t got too much to lose y'all been eating lang enough

it's my turn to cut the food pass the plate where my drank? this my day, lucky day fuck you too, woah!

y'all gotta move y'all gotta move y'all gotta move give me some room give me some room give me the juice hop out the couple how about I shoot? y'all gotta move y'all gotta move give me the juice

back on my bullshit my back to the wall turn back ob you all of you finished back to these bullets it's back to the job pull my MAC out and all of you running back on my hood shit it's back to the pushing these packs and I'm actually pumping can't fuck with you rappers you practically sucking you might went platinum but that don't mean mothin' I'm actually buzzin' this time straight out the kitchen I told them the oven is mine I do not fuck witch you guys if I don't kill you just know tat you gonna suffer this time

I ain't no gangster but I got some bangers some chains and some blades anf a couple of knives choppers and jammies, partridge, pa pear tree my 12 days of Christmas was nothing but lies, I run at you harsd like sumo they say I talk like a chulo I live in Mars, I'm not Bruno

Bitch, I'm a dog, call me Cujo you play your cards, I reverse on you all and I might just drop 4 like on Uno

callate boca major mariconb, little puto and all of you culo

they've invented a level off in the ghetto to ghetto looking for something I prolyl can never find now shit get relevamt until the beef die down in truth a nigga just really want me tied down I've been alone and I never need nobody just only me and my shotty I'll tell these niggas to lie down

keep all of the money
I never wanted the lifestyle
I just pray to God that my son be alright now
I said ain't no love for the other side
or anyone who ever want smoke
when I die I;m going out as the underdog
who never lost hope

you in the wrong cab down the wrong path nigga Wrong way, wrong road sneakes in the grass, tryna slither fast I just bought a motherfucking lawn mower

I have said a lotta things in my day I admit it, this is packback in a way I regret it that I did it I done won a couple Grammyys but I sold my soul to get them wasn't in it for the trophies just the fucking recognition fuck's the difference?

I;m the cracker
bend the low
fukc the rules
man I used to risk it all
now I got too much to lose
I been eating long enough
man my stomach should be full
I just ate, lick the plate
my buffet, lucky me, fuck you think?

I got a couple of mansions still I don't have any manners you got a couple of ghost writers but to these kids it don't actually matter they're asking me: what the fuck happened to hip=-hop I said" I don't have any answers" cause u took an L when I dropped my last album it hurt me like hell but I'm back on thee rappers and actually coming from humble beginnings I'm somewhat of uncomfortable winning I wish I could say what a wonderful feeling we're on the upswing like we're punching the ceiling but nothing is stealing like anyone has any fucking ability to even stick to a subject it's killin' me the inability to pin humility

hatata batata, why don't we make a bunch of fucking songs about nothin' and mumble and fuck it, I;m going for the jagular shit is a circus, you clowns that are coming up don't give an ounce of a mother\* anout the ones whe were here before you to make raps, it's recap way back MC's the recap and tape decks ASAT's with the G raps and Kane;s hat we need 3 stacks ASAP, and bring Ma-sta Ace back since half of these rappers have brain damage all rrhe lean rappin' face tats syruped out like tree sap I don't hate trap and I don't wanna seem mad but intact whit a old-me at the same cat that would take that feedback and aim back,I need that but I think it's inevitable yhey know a button to press or a lever to pull they gibe me the snap tho and if I payin' attention I'd probably makin' it bigger but you've been taking the dicks on the fucking back hoe on the brink in a minut got me thinking of finisfing everything weth aceromenophin then reapin the benefits I'mma sleep at the ar the wheel again as I peak into thinking about an evil intent of another beat I'ma kill again' cause even if I gotta ebd uo eating pill again even katemine or methamohetamine with the Mini Thin it beetr be at least 70 to 300 milligram I might as well because imam end up being a villain again

levels to this shit
I got an elevator
you could never say to me I;m not a fuckin record breaker
I sound like a brekne record revery time I break a record
nobody could ever take away the legacy
I made a navigator
a motherfucker never got a right to be ths way
I got spite inside my DNA
but I work till the wheels fall off
I'm working tirelessly, aye

it's a moment y'all been waiting for like California wishin' rain would pour and that drought y'all have been prayin' for my downfall from the 8 Mile oto the Southpaw still the same marshal that outlow that they say is a writer might've fell off but back on that bull like the cowboys

y'all gotta move
y'all gotta move
y'all gotta move
give me some room
give me some room
give me the juice
hop out the couple
how about I shoot?
y'all gotta move
y'all gotta move

give me the juice